Now what my love is proofe hath made you know,
And as my love is ciz'd my feare is ſo:
Where love is great, the littleſt doubts are feare;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
King. Faith I muſt leave thee love, and ſhortly too,
My operant powers their functions leave to doe,
And thou ſhalt live in this faire world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For husband ſhalt thou.
Quee. O confound the reſt!
Such love muſt needs be treaſon in my breaſt.
In ſecond husband let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond but who kill'd the firſt: *Ham*. That's
The inſtances that ſecond marriage move wormwood.
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of love:
A ſecond time I kill my husband dead
When ſecond husband kiſſes me in bed.
King. I do beleeve you thinke what now you ſpeak,
But what we doe determine oft we breake,
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity;
Which now the fruit unripe ſtickes on the tree,
But fall unſhaken when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis that we forget
To pay our ſelves what to our ſelves is debt;
What to our ſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending doth the purpoſe loſe;
The violence of either griefe or joy
Their owne enactures with themſelves deſtroy;
Where joy moſt revells griefe doth moſt lament:
Griefe joy, joy griefes, on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not ſtrange,
That even our loves ſhould with our fortunes change:
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or elſe fortune love.
The great man downe, you marke his favourite flies,
The poore advanc'd makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,

For

For who not needs ſhall never lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates doe ſo contrary run,
That our devices ſtill are overthrowne:
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no ſecond husband wed,
But dye thy thoughts when thy firſt Lord is dead.
Quee. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repoſe locke from me day and night,
To deſperation turne my truſt and hope,
And Anchors cheere in priſon be my ſcope,
Each oppoſite that blankes the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy;
Both here and hence purſue me laſting ſtrife, *Ham*.
If once I be a widow, ever I be a wife.
King. 'Tis deeply ſworne: ſweet leave me here a w
My ſpirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep.
Quee Sleep rocke thy braine,
And never come miſchance betweene us twaine.
Ham. Madam, how like you this play?
Quee. The Lady doth proteſt too much me thinke
Ham. O but ſhee'll keepe her word.
Kin Have you heard the argument? is there no of
Ham. No, no, they doe but jeſt, poiſon in jeſt, n
King. What doe you call the play?
Ham. The Mouſe-trap; marry how? tropically. Th
image of a murther done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the
his wife *Baptiſta*, you ſhall ſee anon, 'tis a knaviſh p
but what of that? your Majeſtie and we ſhall have f
touches us not; let the galled jade winch, our wit
wrung. This is one *Lucianus* Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Ophel. You are as good as a *Chorus* my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your
If I could ſee the puppits dallying.